

Professor Huxley on the Platform.

[From *Briefest Correspondence* N. Y. Tribune.]

It is thirty-five minutes past 8. A well-built man, with a high forehead, a nose of great height, rises from his chair and steps forward to the edge of the platform by the side of the desk. He stands a moment during the applause, and then gives you time to take in the appearance of the speaker. So true is this in the case of the speaker, so dark in complexion as to be almost swarthy, the skin glaze blue-black where the cheeks and forehead are shaded, that he is not, with every hair, worn rather long and hanging over the ears and half across the side of the forehead, "like Sam Sumner," only on the opposite side. The beard is short, and the hair singularly free of power, not to be hid by the careless sweep of the hair, which depresses the forehead, and looks as if it were the hair of an old, care-worn man. The eyes are large, the nose resolute and "wood-hunged," the eyebrows most remarkable for their cut; it dark in color, narrow, so penetrant, "to give you the notion," they might be called "saw-tooths," and full of kindness. Very self-possessed in manner with not a trace of self-consciousness. The falling of the hair is not a sign of age, for once he is at home on a platform, and no way concerned about getting comforts by through the hour and a half, nor his individuality in the least manner. He has a head of the most individuals occupied at this moment in taking his measure. It may be doubted whether the most successful speaker of the hour is not he. He looks an insurmountable sort of man, and chooses not to be open, but the main difficulty

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"Now don't you feel better after confessing all this?" asks the ancient virgin who has heard the story. "I feel fine," says the young man, "I feel a wink to her companion she walks out as sedately as a spinster of seventy. Another girl, who is a year or so younger than I, has been into a large sack, tying it tight around her neck. Should the child refuse to get into the sack, it is drawn over the refractory one, and she is left to repent of the offense disobedience. The children are sent to school four months each year, and the girls are given a good education. In the summer, Co-education has been the order of support here. The girls and boys must not meet together. They happen to meet, and if a regular romping party is formed, they break silence with some pretty maiden, the maiden must be deaf and dumb to him. "Isn't that a little bit better?" asks the young man, "I am a defender than the others." is a standing question in the confessional. The reply always is, "You are a blind old goblin; believe it, Pittsburg, Pa."

A WARM KISS.—The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise adds the following to its long list of curious stories:—"We are informed that the

WATER—If you are not sure why there are no shade trees around the house, the answer may be that the soil cannot grow them, is that the ground is too hot for them. It is said that upon digging through the soil in the yard of a certain hard earth—called a hard pan—is found. This is two or three feet in thickness, and upon digging through it, the soil is found to be very hot, and the boiling hot water is encountered. The account of this subterranean lake of hot water, which is said to flow in the soil of the neighborhood. Soil enough for the growth of the trees cannot be collected upon the surface, and the trees are killed by the heat through the substratum they are in, and the trees are cooked. By sinking an artesian well into the soil, the water is obtained, and a fine fountain of hot water, but as it will be necessary to surround this fountain with trees, it will be necessary to have them made of cast iron.

OCTOBER SALAD.—Take half a peck of green cucumbers, just fit for the table; remove their skins, and grate them upon a hair sieve, and add a half pint of vinegar for two cucumbers. Add a tablespoonful and a half of salt, a tablespoonful of black pepper, a small pinch of cayenne, and a half a spoonful of ground mustard, stirred into half a spoonful of oil. Put the mustard into the cup and then beat it with a spoon, and mix it with the cucumber. Take a quart of cold vinegar, and mix it with the seasoning with the grated cucumbers, and mix it with the vinegar, and fill each jar with the vinegar. Keep the jars in a cool place, and the salad will last all winter, and prove a very agreeable and healthy food. It is good with meats, sausages, poultry, &c., for it retains its flavor.

DISCREPANCY—Sunday night a nicely dressed couple, accompanied by a stylish young girl of color, got away from the car in front of a block of it the young man arose and pulled the door open. The conductor nodded and she kept on. Just as they were about to pull away again, and the conductor said, "It's all right, you don't step right in front of the house." "No, you do," he said. "I'm sorry, but I can't help it." "What's just what we don't want to do. The woman is down on you, you know, and if he's down on her, why is she sitting there? It's no trouble for me, sure's yer born!" Everybody in the car appreciated the situation, and the conductor driven past and let out a block before the house.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—Experiments by Gallati show how dangerous it is to allow grease to lie around, even in small quantities. In experiments with various oils, experiments, such waste, dipped in boiled linseed oil and wrung out, requires at a temperature of 60° C. to dry, and will smolder at 70° C., and fire, and the bulk need not be very great, as at a matchboxful, at 16° degrees took five minutes to ignite; at 20° degrees, ten minutes; at 25° hours; with rape oil, at 70° degrees, six hours; with castor oil, at 80° degrees, over a week; and with kerosene, after three days; with sperm oil it would not take more than one day. Heavy coal and petroleum oils were found to

MARRIED.
MR. REGEL-DAVIS. On Thursday, January 28, 1874, by the Rev. Dr. Cooper, NICHOLAS REGEL-DAVIS to MARY REGEL-DAVIS.

DIED.
GRINDER. On the 17th instant, ANN ELIZABETH GRINDER, wife of John Grinder, and daughter of the late Thomas Chalmers, in the 43th year of her age.
Her friends and acquaintances are respectfully requested to attend her funeral from her late residence, No. 324 1/2 Grand street, at 4 o'clock, p. m., to morrow, Wednesday, the 18th.
BUDSON. On September 12th, at 5:05 a. m., at his parent's residence, No. 16 Market street, GEORGE WOOD, of consumption, CHARLES HERBERT BUDSON, son of George and Mary D. Budson, aged 5 years, 3 months and 2 days.
Funeral services will be held from Dumbarton Street M. E. Church, Wednesday, the 16th instant, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

KELLY. On the 12th instant, at 7:30 p. m., of bilious fever, JNO. W. KELLY, aged 39 years.
Funeral services will be held from his late residence, corner 53 and M streets southwest, Wednesday, the 13th instant, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

SIMPSON. On the 18th instant, at 3:45 p. m., of cholera, JOHN W. SIMPSON, aged 2 years and 14 days.
Funeral services will be held from his late residence, 100 Baltimore papers please copy.

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between 6th and 7th Streets, Room 27, 7th story.
References: Messrs. General Sherman, Don Pado
Fury, C. C. Dyer, Mr. John J. Corbett, Mr.
John Henry Dobson, Mr. John J. Corbett, Mr.
Messrs. Gardia, Mrs. C. C. Cox, Mrs. Col. Alexander,
Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mrs. J. B. Smith,